A SONG TO THE WORLD.

BY FRANCIS M. SMITH.

A song to the world—the beautiful world—
In spite of its clouds and its cares,
Its trials and pains, its shames and its stains,
Its cruel deceits, and its snares.
With all its sad faults, 'tis the best world we have—
'Tis the only one given to man—
So let us accept it, with thanks, as it is,
And enjoy it as long as we can.
Then away with the cynic who cavils at life,
And wishes his days at an end!
Never yield to despair, but patiently bear
Such mishaps as man cannot mend.

What miner who works the auriferious earth,
Its glittering store to unfold,
Would be sour in mood, if the yield had was good,
Because he found dross with the gold?
Then while you are working the vast mine of life,
Be humble, content, and resigned—
Never worry nor fret; take the best you can get
And whistle the worst down the wind,
Then away with the cynic, etc.

We were put here to struggle—'twas Heaven's decree—
Each man has his mission to fill—
Misfortunes may fret us, temptations beset us,
But we are God's people still.
When ill fortune meets us and enmity greets us,
We should then on ourselves most rely—
Be brave! for it takes, when the storm on us breaks,
More courage to live than to die.
Then away with the cynic, etc.

'Tis a glorious world, if we look at it right,
And we should rejoice to be in it—
There are birds in each grove, there are sweethearts to love,
And success, if we struggle to win it.
So let us determine that, happen what may,
We will stay with the weeds and the flowers,
And the friends and the foes, and the joys and the woes,
Which make up this great world of ours.
Then away with the cynic, etc.

What folly to look on the dark side of life,
While the world is refulgent with light!
Creep out of the shade, and stand up undismayed,
In the raiment of reason bedight!
There is room for us all on this wide-spreading earth,
So, with Charity's banner unfurled,
Let us join in one cry, while old Time hurries by,
"Three cheers for this beautiful world."
Then away with the cynic, etc.

—*New York Weekly.*

A MICROPHONIC EAR

The trip was getting pretty dull. The Northland was a very slow steamer. We had been eight days out from Amsterdam, and there was every prospect of eight more. We sat listlessly on the starboard deck in our sea chairs, a rather glum looking set, talking at intervals in a lazy, desultory way of any trifling subject that came up. We spoke of the fog, which had kept us back the previous night. A small, sharp-faced man of about 45, who usually kept very quiet, and from whom no one had succeeded in obtaining any bits of autobiography to amount to anything, suddenly spoke up, as if a new and remarkable idea had just popped into his head:

"By the great Harry, couldn't Jim Budgelow have taken in the shekels as special fog watchman!"

We all started up interestedly at this exclamation. There was silence for a moment. Each one waited for some one else to inquire into the special qualifications of Jim Budgelow for the position of special fog lookout. Finally an off-hand old gentleman from Illinois said:

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling us something about Mr. Budgelow, now you've got our curiosity stirred up?"

"No! I don't know that there's any harm in giving a few facts about Jim," said the little, sharp-faced man. "He was a queer little fellow, Jim was," he went on slowly, with an air which showed that he was going over specific examples of Jim's peculiarities in his his own mind, though his statement was general.

"I first met him a good many years ago out at Pike's Peak. Hornetsville was the name of the camp; gone now, not a board left, though there must have been a thousand people there then. We called him Jim, 'the man with the microphonic ear.' Jonny Whittle, who hadn't been out of college long, cooked up that name. You see, Jim's right ear was a remarkable organ. It was like a microscope which was fitted for hearing instead of seeing. See? That man could hear a bat wink in the daytime. When Jim Budgelow took a room at the hotel he could soon tell whether he was the only occupant of the bed. All he had to do was to give the thing a kick and put his ear to the headboard, and if there was any inhabitants present he could hear them crawl.

"This faculty of Jim's was in some respects a very amusing one, so usually he wore a plug in that ear to soften things down. But the boys never know definitely when the plug was in, and for this reason, I presume, Jim Budgelow's character was the only one in Hornetsville that hadn't been thoroughly dissected. Nobody dared speak disrespectfully of Jim, for fear he had a bead on 'em with his right ear.

"One time Jim did me a mighty good turn, and if it hadn't been for that same ear I wouldn't be here now. I'd been off prospecting up among the mountains for a couple of days with my partner, Jack Grodale. We thought we'd struck something; signs were good, at least. But the thing never panned out much, though that's neither here nor there. As I was saying, we thought we could make it pay. So I left Jack and went back to Hornetsville for provisions. I had turned out of the branch gully, in which we'd been prospecting, and was scrambling along the sides of a big sort of a cayon cut that lead down to the valley in which the camp was situated. The slope was pretty steep and slightly bushed. I had to make my way along carefully, for below me the sides of the gulch formed a series of natural terraces, and finally went straight down to the little stream that splashed and fizzed and chuckled along the bottom.

"All of a sudden I heard a noise like thunder. It was the middle of the forenoon, and the sun was shining brightly. The roar grew louder. In an instant it flashed upon me; it was a landslide. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't tell whether to go forward or backward. I was pretty scared for a minute. But in that minute an idea came into my head. I crept down as fast as I could to the edge of the little steep which led to the first terrace. The cliff was perpendicular—inclining in if anything; it was about twenty feet down and the ledge below was some six or seven feet wide, with grass and bushes on it. I was hanging over there in another moment, and down I plumped, pretty well shaken up and bruised, but all right. The approaching roar became louder and louder. I lay down close to the rock. Pretty soon stones and dirt and trees came a-whizzing and rumbling off the ledge, and shot past me down into the ravine—a regular cataract of stuff. It kept up for about half an hour and then the worst was over. But I had to snuggle close, you better believe, after the main body had got by, for now and then a straggling rock would tumble leisurely over the ledge, and sock down too close for comfort. I lay still till I was sure the thing was done for. Then I got up and took a survey. I was in a pretty pickle. The terrace narrowed in both directions, sort of alligator shape. It was thirty feet down to the next terrace, and that didn't appear to have any outlet, either. Of course, I couldn't shin back up that rock. I didn't know what to do. I let off a few yells, with a faint hope that somebody might be within hearing. I could just catch a glimpse of Hornetsville, away down in the valley through the opening of the gulch, so far that it looked like a cluster of bowlders beside the river. I heard no answer to my calls but the far off echo from the other side of the gulch and the faint clatter of the stream below. I sat down and thought, every once in a while giving a yell, till the echo began to make me feel queer and lonesome like. Then I shut up and began to smoke.

"Old Jo Seven-up told me afterwards how it was. He and Jim Budgelow were playing a quiet little game of old sledge at Tom Mulligan's Double Parlors. Jim had the bind on him (Jo privately tendered me his thanks afterward, in liquid form,) when Jim suddenly dropped the cards and listened. He had fortunately forgotten his plug, and left it at his boarding house after dinner.

"'Great Job!' exclaimed Jim, 'somebody's in trouble up there in Red Hen Gulch! Get out the boys and we'll go see what's up. Hear that yell? No! of course you didn't. You couldn't hear the steam whistle down at the quarry mill unless you climbed up on the roof and laid your ear to the pipe. Don't talk—go get the boys!'

"It was beginning to grow dark, when I heard faint calls away off down the mountains. I started up, put my hands to my mouth and roared like a fog horn. The shouts came nearer and nearer, and at last they were right above me. Pretty soon I could just make out Jim's head peering over the ledge above. They'd been forehanded enough to bring a rope, so I was soon out of that. But if it hadn't been for Jim Budgelow's right ear, probably my bones would now be decorating that terrace in Red Hen Gulch.

"Jim didn't stay long at Hornetsville after that. He got in a couple of little scrapes. In the first one he had the right of it and nobody objected.

"Jim was playing down at Tom Mulligan's pretty late one night with a sort of a dandy sport that had dropped in from Denver. Everybody else had gone; Tom Mulligan had fallen asleep in his chair, and the man behind the bar was nodding across the counter, which was almost directly back of Jim. He was losing right along in a way that made him uncomfortable and suspicious. He glanced around; the barkeeper was half lying across the bar with his head on one arm and his face turned toward the players. He appeared to be asleep. However, Jim took the precaution of quietly taking the plug from his ear without being observed by his opponent. Pretty soon he heard the fellow behind him softly lift his head a little, as if afraid of being overheard, and not with the unconscious movement of a sleeping man. Jim slipped his hand down to his revolver, noiselessly adjusted a little mirror he had behind the lock for just such emergencies, cocked it and quickly brought it up behind the cards, which he had in his left hand, till the barrel pointed over his right shoulder, took aim in an instant by the glass at the eye of the spying bartender, who was playing a skin game into the hands of the gambler and fired. He got his man, but the gambler was too quick for him, and shot out of the door like lightning. That was the last ever seen of him in Hornetsville. Some of the boys found fault with Jim for not giving it to the sport first, but Jim said, though he'd trust that right ear's reports from the word go, he thought he'd make dead sure of his case before he shot the fellow. The first glance in the little mirror settled it. Of course, nobody could blame Jim for this affair, though at first Tom Mulligan was a little mad to lose such a first-class bar tender, good articles of that sort being somewhat rare in the mountains just then.

"But hardly a one of the boys stuck up for Jim in is next scrape. He knew they wouldn't, and lit out without waiting for public opinion to get at him.

"Tom Mulligan started a restaurant next door to his saloon, and brought a girl over from Denver as cashier. She wasn't very handsome; she was freckled, had washed out red hair and bad teeth; but she was a girl and the boys went wild over her. The restaurant trade just boomed. Jim was completely gone on her. He couldn't get enough to eat in those days, and couldn't pay often enough for what he did get. Spruce young Johnny Whittle, though he'd been used to finer society, paid a good deal of attention to the girl, too; just for fun, I suppose. He knew more about the sex than Jim did, but Jim meant business and Johnny didn't.

"Jim used to loaf around the restaurant nights till it closed up, and then drop into the saloon for a game or a drink before going home. One night he started out earlier than usual, leaving most of the boys still in at Tom's. Jim knew that the girl lived over the restaurant. He'd often looked up for a light in her room—one reason why he went off early. But this particular night, as I happen to know, there wasn't any light. In a few minutes Jim returned. His face was as white and stern. He stood in the door a moment, looking sort of wild like.

"'Stand out there, Johnny Whittle!' he said. 'And the first man that stirs is good as dead! I've got a little speech to make. As I went by the restaurant I heard the girl up there talking in her sleep. And you know who she was talking about! Not me! No, it was you, Johnny Whittle. You've been triflin' with that girl, and you know it, and you've got to pay for it right now. Stand back there!'

"One shot from Jim's revolver and Johnny fell. Jim disappeared in the darkness. I didn't think at the time that Jim ought to have done it, neither did most of the boys, as I said, but I didn't get a chance to express my opinion personally, for the vigilance committee didn't catch him. I don't believe myself they wanted to, for most of them were friends of Jim's, and he'd always acted square up to that time. I heard nothing of Jim for a long time. I'd left the mountains some years and was in business in Chicago. I was walking down State street one day when a broken down, trampish-looking man stopped me.

"'Hello, old fellow! won't you speak to an old acquaintance?'

"I looked at him a moment; then came a flash of recognition.

"'Jim Budgelow, by all that is glorious,' I exclaimed.

"'The same,' says he; 'but things have gone hard with me since the old time.' And in reply to my inquiries he told me a little about himself. 'I had a soft berth here with the fire department for a long time; night watchman, stationed on top of the building, and called them out when I heard a cry of fire. But I got hard of hearing some way; couldn't hear a cry more than half a mile, and then they put in the alarm boxes more numerously, and I was shoved out. Now my right ear ain't much better than the other. Hard when a fellow's getting on in years.'

"I didn't forget what I owed to Jim Budgelow, so I gave him $10 and my address. But he never came to see me. Don't know why; perhaps that spree took him off, or perhaps he was afraid he might be called to account some time for shooting Johnny Whittle.

"But, as I said at first, Jim might have made a big thing at sea. He could have heard the Captain snore in a vessel five miles off on the foggiest night you ever saw. He and Calliope Bill would have made a team. You see, Calliope Bill"—

Just then the steward appeared on deck and sounded the dinner gong. We never failed to answer its call, though just then we were a little curious about Calliope Bill.

I sat opposite the sharp-faced little gentleman, and in the course of our talk at dinner I got up courage enough to bring the conversation around to himself. I had never dared to do this before.

"Are you still in business in Chicago?" I ventured.

"No," said he, with a queer look, "I've been connected with a New York paper for some twenty years; been corresponding for them from Paris for some time, but I got tired of it and am going back to my old place on the staff."

"Oh!" said I, meditatively.

IRONY.

Like ridicule, irony is often more effective than argument, and may convey suggestions and ideas in a terse and pithy manner, as when one says: "You can't always judge by appearance: the man who wears a diamond pin may be really wealthy." A gentleman, it was once said, never inflicts pain. On which a wit remarks, "This is hard on the dentists." Not a bad story is told of an aged clergyman who met a man loudly declaiming against foreign missions. "Why," asked the objector, "doesn't the church look after the heathen at home?" "We do," said the clergyman, quietly, and gave the man a tract. "What's going on inside?" Inquired a gentleman of the ticket-seller at the entrance to a public hall. "An amateur performance," replied the latter. "The audience seem to be having a good time; I heard their shouts of laughter four blocks away. What's the play?" "Hamlet," was the unexpected reply. "That was a mysterious robbery the other day," said Smith to Jones. "Why, I don't see what mystery there was about it," remarked Jones; "the detectives caught the thieves the same day." "Yes," "So far as you saw," said a counsel to a witness, "she was doing her ordinary household duty?" "I should say so—she was talking," was the ironical reply. "He never had but one genuine case in his life," said a lawyer of a rival, "and that was when he prosecuted his studies." Some lawyers have had curious experiences of ironical wills. There is the not unfamiliar case of the French merchant who left a handsome legacy to a lady who had refused to marry him twenty years before, in gratitude for her kindness in not taking him at his word. There is a good deal of pointed satire in such ironical facetiæ as the following: We are reminded that the mania for adulteration is so great that you can't buy a quart of sand and be sure that it is not half sugar. A resident in a suburban house was asked how his house had fared during a snowstorm. "Oh, badly," was the reply; "my cistern is the only dry place in it." Some good wholesome advice may thus be conveyed to careless householders. They will please note that the most effectual method of discovering a gas-escape on their premises is to hunt for it by the the light of a naked candle until they find it. "What would civilization be with a piano?" asked a philosopher. "Among other things, it would be able to sleep at nights, besides being a thought less unhappy by day," replied a writer. "Wot'll I do with this burglar alarm, Bill; take it along?" asks burglar number one. Second burglar—Yes; slip it in the bag; we can get something for it.

THE ENGINE OF CIVILIZATION.

Sub-Editor—The owner of the paper was in here to-day.

Editor-in-Chief—Indeed! Did he ask who wrote that stirring editorial on "The Problem of the Hour?

S. E.—No. He didn't mention the editorial page.

E. I. C.—Oh! Wanted to compliment us on our improved new service, I suppose.

S. E.—He said nothing about that.

E. I. C.—He didn't. What in the world did he say?

S. E.—He asked how many "Want" advertisements we had.—*New York Weekly.*

ITS CHIN GAVE IT AWAY.

"Dot vas a pooty baby, dond id," exclaimed Hans Spellbrecker to the father of a new baby that has just been landed in the household.

"Yes, it is a dumpling, sure," replied the father.

"Who vas dot baby, a girl or a boy?" asked Hans.

"Can't you guess?" asked the father.

"Vell, I dink not id vas a girl," said Hans.

"Correct. But how did you know."

"Oh, vood because he got so much vain on his face."—*Sunday National.*

PITH AND POINT.

THE newest thing in the dog line—Puppies.

A LAWYER depends on words; a real estate man on deeds.

A FITTING tribute—the check that pays for your suit of clothes.

THE police should keep an eye on the man who is "dressed to kill."

LANDLADIES are famous gossips; they pay great attention to roomers.

THE garbage man is like the Dead Sea apple, when he turns to ashes.

THE accounts of a side-door saloon are kept up by a double entry system.

THE tennis crankness has lots of fun, even though she is a maiden all forlawn.

EVERYBODY dislikes the dentist—at least they show their teeth whenever they go into his office.

A LAWYER is described as having a hard metalic voice. Perhaps he is a silver-tongued orator.

THE late Judge Terry of California was ready for a quarrel whenever he saw a good Field for it.

WHAT is the difference between a cow and a broken chair? The cow gives milk and the chair gives whey.

VISITOR—Is Mr. Deepvoice who sings in your church choir a baritone? Juvenile Hostess—No, ma'am; he's a German.

FAT and sleek, many members of traveling dramatic companies go out as "dressed beef" and come back "on the roof."

"I KNOW when to stop," said a tippling man as he turned into a saloon. "And you stop there most of the time," replied his friend.

WHEN the amount of express goods was limited to what Adam, the father of the business, could carry in a satchel, that was the first "limited express."

THE burglar who was caught in a shoe store after midnight asked to be discharged by the judge on the ground that it was a fitting place for everybody.

"FATHER," said Willie, who had just been corrected, "that strap is hereditary, isn't it?" "I don't know that it is." "But it descends from father to son, doesn't it?"

MRS. SHORTPURSE (year 1899)—John, what became of those fashionable pantaloons you wore on our summer trip in 1889? John—They are upstairs, somewhere. What do you want of them? "I want to make them over for a dress."

MUDGE—Now, I enjoy a joke just as well when it is at my own expense as when it is on some other fellow. Yabsley—It's different, though with a drink, isn't it, Mudge?" Then Mudge got mad and wouldn't speak for over twenty minutes.

AUGUSTUS (of Boston)—Pure light of my soul, do you doubt my love and the utter devotion of my manly heart? Angelina (of Texas)—I fear I do—doubt you—a little. But, Augustus, you would not, you could not monkey with my heart-strings?

SMALL boy—Pap say he wan' yo' ter put 'm new sole on dis yer shoe er mine, 'n' a new upper leather, 'n'—— Repairer of shoes—Tink dat'll be 'bout de same's makin' a new shoe. Small boy—No, sah; pap say de shoestrings on dis yer one am all right.

PHILADELPHIA Man—Is the London *Echo* the only paper you have about the house?" "Yes, I only subscribe for a foreign paper now." "Why, that doesn't give any American news, and you were never in England." "I know that, but the London papers don't print any baseball.

MRS. HASHCROFT (to applicant for board)—And I can assure you, sir, that you will hear no complaints in my house about tough steak. The victim (two weeks later)—She was right on the steak question. It has been nothing but codfish, mackerel and liver since I have been here.

ADVICE TO SEDENTARY PEOPLE.

A wise physician has lately called attention to the injurious effects of too much sitting. The American people are notoriously a nation of sitters. The lower limbs grow weak and spindling, while the body gives down and doubles up and grows at once thick and flabby. The internal organs are cramped and weakened. The stomach becomes dyspeptic, the kidneys debilitated and diseased. The sedentary people could stand or walk about at their work twice as much as they do. The chest would expand and the trunk grow erect, slim, and graceful, particularly, if attention was paid to deep breathing. Admiral Porter, 75 years old, engaged constantly in literary work, always stand up at his desk to write. He is a splendid specimen of health and vigor. Stand up to read and write, at least part of the time.